



broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "That's quite enough—I hope I sha'n't grow any more—As it is, I ca'n't get out at the door—I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up

THE RABBIT SENDS IN
the chimney, and said to her
no more, whatever happens
of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little
now had its full effect, and
still it was very uncomfortable
seemed to be no sort of cha
ting out of the room again,
unhappy.

"It was much pleasanter at
Alice, "when one wasn't alway
smaller, and being ordered
rabbits. I almost wish I had
rabbit-hole—and yet—and y
ous, you know, this sort of
what *can* have happened to m
read fairy tales, I fancied that
happened, and now here I a
one! There ought to be a bod
that there ought! And when
one—but I'm grown up now,"
rowful tone: "at least there'
up any more *here*."

"But then," thought Alice
any older than I am now? T
one way—never to be an old